The editors of Dorrance & Company present, with great pleasure, their ninth annual poetry anthology, *Contemporary Poets of America 1987*. This collection has become a successful showcase for the talents of both new and established poets.

Publication in this year's anthology is the culmination of a life-long interest in writing for many of our poets.

Our poets represent a wide range of age, personal interests, educational and professional achievements, and their writings display an equally wide variety in choice of subject matter and writing styles. Sonnets and couplets, whimsey and philosophy, religious themes and personal reminiscences—in this collection the reader will find lines to recall and contemplate time and time again.

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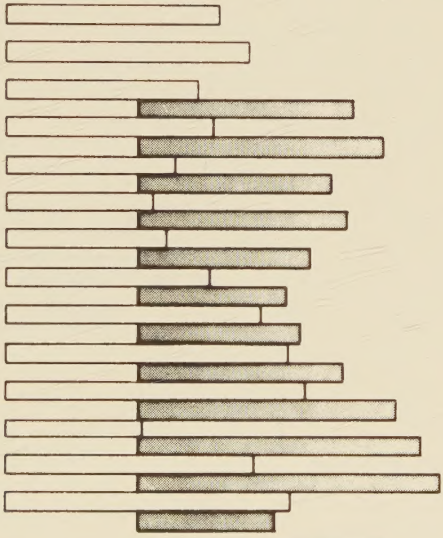
Contemporary Poets of America



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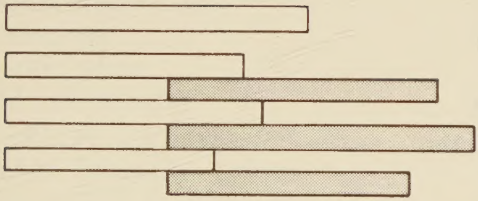

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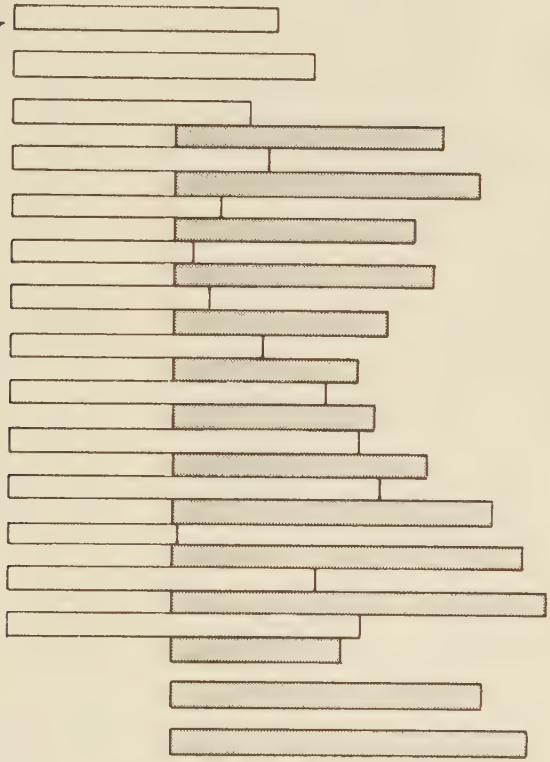


The Un-Work-Ethic

Of vote-buying schemes, I've heard of quite a few:
One was being paid for all the un-farming you'd do.
If I'd had a farm, I'd have been an un-farmer, too.
For much more money, I'm certain you're able to see,
They could have gotten a lot of un-farming from me.
Had I been a farmer, I'd have lived off crops I never grew.
Now! In summation there's only one thing I'd like to say:
I'm willing to do much more nothing for a little more pay;
Then I might even press this point a little just for fun:
For a price, I will do all the un-work you ever want done.

Calvinistic Evolution

Man, in the Divine likeness, God did create:
Of his will, man evolved to a depraved state.
At definitions, let us now stop and take a look:
Ascending is rising as you will find in the Book.
Descent is the downward path that humanity took.
Descent and ascent many think actually mean just the same.
For the ascent of man, evolutionists actually lay a claim.
For the origin of man, let us not on anthropoids lay blame.
'Tis not phrase-coinage that, in Calvinism's
name, I'm about to commit.
'Tis more nearly to phrase-counterfeiting
that I must truthfully admit:
'Tis what I feel the ape might on his own
defense justifiably submit.
"Man DID descend: He's a depraved cuss:
Man didn't ascend to depravity from us!"

Gene Darwin Abbott

Spring

Spring rushes across the meadow green and fair,
Wearing a yellow butterfly in her hair.

Summer

Swatches of bright colors in valleys gleam,
Nestling like precious jewels on an emerald stream.

Autumn

Autumn flirted merrily by
Wearing brilliant tweed, skirt leaf high!

Winter

Winter lingers in the bare trees; it will not go;
Knotty, freezing, finger branches brush off the snow.

Saga of a Cottage

Searching, looking, trying to find
Something that was left behind.
Alone, I climbed the hill
For me, once held a thrill;
Our beautiful peaceful home;
A lovely cottage with a dome.
Freeways now span the view;
Gone are the wild flowers of every hue;
Whispering willows are defaced;
This secret wilderness has been replaced;
No more will the liquid amber turn red;
That babbling brook is silent . . . Dead!
The apple trees are almost gone;
Only one stands all alone,
The garden is filled with weeds.
Who committed such cruel deeds?
This dear cottage once well kept,
Sagged and wept,
With bruises from vandals;
What thoughtless scoundrels!

Mystic

Unfold your canvas;
Replace
Your easel.
One more picture you must
Paint—
'Tis not a Cameo face;
So unlike your "Shackled Soul,"
Mix the colors quickly—
'Ere night falls too soon . . .
Use twilight blue,
Slush in the silver of the moonlight;
Dabble in the white of the
Chrysanthemum
It will veil innocence . . .
With dew pearls, sprinkle the
Chapel of Dreams,
Remember, locked inside are
Diaries!
Mix the colors quickly—
Paint . . . . . .
Has the soft purple haze
Escaped yonder's hill?
There is mystic in your gaze . . .
Paint . . . . . .
Paint the beautiful woman
I've become
This lovely night!

Magnolia Dilworth Austin

The Starry Night
Van Gogh

Morning holds a challenge
Beyond a challenge now,
Taunting with new madness
His wondrous art.
Ever startling colors
Cast in primal light
Wrap us in a speeding,
A spinning orb
Of color deep with sadness
That blurred and whitening brings
A brightness wild, like music,
too dark for sound.

Snowflake

How can this relentless dusk
Of cruel cold and icy ways
Suddenly with silver burst
Into myriad lustrous flakes?
And why does only one of them
Settle softly on the pane
And neither melt nor icy turn
Throughout the windless night?

Timeless

No sound, no touch, nor stir of air
Disturbs the peace beyond the one we know.
Only in retrospect, perhaps,
Remembrance breaks the heart.

Norma

She still is here
Though she has gone.
Yet she has come but once.
So short a time
To leave quicksilver
Dancing in the hall:
I know that she will always stay.
Her presence is assured,
Unlike some who only come
And leave no trace behind.

Lunar

Remember the shy ones
Who dance alone
On the shadow side
Of the moon.
They hear the inner music throb
Long after the dance is through,
And with the ever changing tides
Know the rhythm of the sea.
Remember to seek
And you will hear
A sound that matches theirs.
But, remember—

Shores

Ever changing sand patterns
Designed by the tide
Are replicas of waves, perhaps,
On some distant shore.

Heart

How can the sounds, the distant sounds
Of Winter in retreat

Free the lovely notes that ring
From the latent ice-bound heart?
Does memory quicken as ice to rivers turns,
Making the earth bow to the flowers of spring?
How can the flow of passion repeat so many times?
—How?

Old Man

His place is fixed along the wall
That from the valley winds
Into age-old cane fields
That look down to the sea.

Have you never seen him
Gnarled hands on his knees,
Face of chiseled ebony
And hair and beard sea-foam?

I looked for him the other day
And knew I'd never see
That noble head thrown back to meet
The slowly ebbing tide.

Mountain meets ocean
Silver mists come from the crags,
And white birds like arrows fly,
At sunset, one by one.

His place is fixed along the wall.

Where

Show me the seashore
Where children meet,
Where the endless sky
Goes down to the sea.

Show all the wild things
That never die,
How to ride wave crests
That lead to the moon.

Look all around you
And you will find
Rainbows, angels,
—And God.

A Mockery in Time

There is no fortress on the hill.
No cannon blazing from its towers,
No churning moat outside the walls,
Where men are dying as they cross.
Yet we see turrets falling
That have endured for years,
And a royal banner torn
To be buried deep.

Above us fiery birds
Sweep down to kill as they pass:
The ground is splitting open,
Spitting rock and blood.
Cities crumble, dissipate
Before our burning eyes.
Where is the golden eagle,
The fortress on the hill?

To E.W.

Fog in from the silent sea
No sound in the marsh
Not even the heron's cry
Breaks the loneliness.
Yet I hear you singing
As you used to do,
Your song caressing
The winds that never cease.

Wonderful

Barefeet in the grass—
What a wonderful feeling;
I hope no one comes.

Empty

Perhaps in pity
These silver birches bend
Over the deserted house.

Morning Frost

Sparkling morning frost
Settling on desert flowers
Opens them with dew.

Music From Beyond

The hall is empty;
Yet I hear the song
that keeps on soaring
In this silent place.
Is this sonorous beauty,
This heartwarming sound
Coming from echoes

Or memories now?
No, no dying echoes,
Nor remembrances deep,
Can hold the wonder
Of hearing beyond.

Anne Ayer

Epic Poems

from "Jackdaw, a Collection"

And when the air had died
And the wind had passed

Said the child
Under my apple tree
I slumbered
I dreamt of love
Slowly moving into an opening
Under my arm
I embraced it
And it was gone

In
Uniformity
To lock
Knowledge stance people
Into morbidity pockets of icy crevices
Aloof and adrift

A gathering of conical tents
Within nuclear lairs fanged minacia
To sever and strain
To lift from bottomless waves
Into leftward gravitation in apostasy
As the apocalyptic taste of measure
In purulence extends

Arms to wither and thwart into sadnesses
To stilts become
    Dirge water
    The air laden
    a jailer

We are threatened
We must leave
Smyrna
My father obtains passports
For all of us
My husband believes he will be secure
He stays to protect his wealth and
We travel to Greece without him

In Cyprus we join with others
To await our ship that will take us
To Alexandria
Paul* remains to travel with others
To America
He is to register at Brown
And live with my mother's brothers

*Paul, a brother of Sara and student in Izmir

Umbrage
lateral swing
quietus
meek death
stones to groan
Jackdaw
a destiny compelled

Configuration
To display thought
Of what was there

Peaks nubbed

Curtilaged
As in ancient space
Sprigs
Discs
A language motion to impart
Affixed Arethusa
Pain to a down
  darkened mist
  the gaze faded
  a curtain drawn upon the hill
  joys to recede
On wind forward
A making
to be made

Tone blare
Friable clay
Bole*

*Bole—a red coloring from the earth of ancient Armenia used then and now, and during the fourteenth century mainly in Italy as a wash below gold-leafing to heighten the gold tones. B. Cellini made annual trips to Armenia to purchase this particular bole clay in his work as a gilder.

On every platform a death decor
On every step a tear
To whatever traumas presented
Somewhere a path that was to lead us to heaven
But I have not found it these years
And now I have come to the door
Domes spotted
Repose in silence
The sky marks
Margins to newer truths
But on the hills this day I remember
A love
A mountain
A freedom
Songs and ballads
From a time forgotten
The seas and days are mine now
To own in all the Universe

From lands sealed
Biblical meekness
Metrics
Gentleness
Lovers of mountains and streams
Sweet clover
Heathery plains
Thirteen generations
Thereof before
Shields
Dianas
Dials
Mourn not
Their breath their spring
To become ballads

Sword oven
O now nuclear tomb
Space to dismember
Nature's dome
Frozen sunlight
Chaotic sublimations to render

Seven white feathers to fall
Their silence upon the universe

To wars within wars
Hamsters and stakes
Millions enclasped in death
From one to six
And beyond
Hushed to bleeding
Hushed to protest

To uncover memories
Faded to a time
In sequence
Childhood sounds
A return to stately states
And elders
Buried
Where pyramids live

With weeds and fanciful threads
To build
Upon horizons abundant
Loops to admit sun
Through trees corners
And niches
In infinite colorations
Birds
And to be reminded
Of earth
Lore
Genesis

We rest five minutes
When my uncle Baghdassar comes
He has carts with him borrowed
From our Turkish neighbors
He takes us all to a place
To hide
Minutes later there are fires
And the city burns
We return in four days
We have survived
We go to my father's inn and remain
And to await others
Two days later my father
Returns
He says his lands have been given up
My uncle Badveli a muda-yim leaves his parish*
For Germany

*a Reverend ordained in the Protestant Church and muda-yim to mean intellectual

How high stood the limb
To the right
A small frame
In space
  Within which was
  Captured
  Your image

  The winter was ahead
  The rain fell
  All night
  Upon you
A leaf patterned
Its way to the ground
The cardinal whistled above you
The Mockingbird
Heard too
That you had gone
And became the sentry on the pine

Wind awild to transform dwellings
Muses hidden in hierarchy reflection
To rise
To unveilment
Burden in the universe alive

The son
The eldest
Ninety
To carry
Upon his shoulder
His mother one hundred
And ten her age
Did not die then

She continues

She would say two hundred years previous
To this day or
Two hundred years previous to that day
Our descendants fled
From their lands
Leaving them
They fled to various places
But in all those years
One remained on his land
And became Turkenized and
Sensing an expulsion of a secret
She crossed herself

a conversion of faith to Muslim or Islam from the Christian faith during the seventeenth century after generations of Christian worship since the fourth century to retain lands was not uncommon

We are her grandchildren she says
And as she relates
Her stories
My grandmother puts her hands in her pockets
And takes out sweets
And hands them to us
To reaffirm our alertness

Again and again she would say
We are the children of her youngest son
She would say he is an Agha by courtesy
And lordly
An advisory bannered

Signaling us out by our names
She would say
My name is Sara and I am the oldest
Of the children
Firstborn
Pointing to me

And from time to time she would press her hands
Lightly over our heads
As she said
We are her grandchildren

And when she hummed. the children hummed,

Vo inch dukhour ashkhar eh ayse zulume
What a sorrowing world it is and dark

left hand, right hand alternating
musical notes grouped with verse
from comma to comma to represent
stanza as played

D g B flat hold, c B flat A natural g,
f sharp g A natural hold,
D f sharp A natural, B flat A natural g f sharp
g,
D g B flat d, E flat d c B flat c,
a B flat c, d c B flat A natural B flat
d g A natural, B flat A natural g f sharp g.

Repeated from D

a plaintive melody from the Armenian Opera
Anoush, by Tigranian and Toumanian

As a homecoming from a distant shore
From Winter's seclusion
A redemption, Spring
And a Robin in sight
The Doves depart
Configurations
Display
Lilies, cinnabar violets
White yellow, violet heads pushing
The spirit gleeful
The lilac trees taller
The brightness of light
And perfumed air

What glory in the spaciousness of time
Is to come as we tremble to flee
Our thoughts forever united to earth
To blend with an infinity we curse
We cannot free the moment again
To the warmth of its softnesses
Its humanity

Apples are now in the air again
Defying forms to surrender
Jacob's master treacherous

Unadorned
The smallest measure
Was all
That mind needed
To reappear

Its momentum gripped to a song
Beauty dishevels to placate
About me
Gently heaped debris
In renewals
Metamorphic chalices
That bring
From a deepened noon a wail
Clamor
and breath
Devout to volitive ends

The hand still
We cannot rise again
We root

Nvart Rose Baljian-Gara

The Splendor of It All

'Tis the bashing of the waves against the rock
'Tis the flight of the bird over the waters
Wakes me Wakes me to the splendor or it all.

'Tis the washing of debris to the shore.
'Tis the sight of a bird landing on the waters
Wakes me Wakes me to the splendor of it all.

'Tis the change of the water from a gentle wave to a twirl, a whirl to a thrash.
'Tis the sound of a bird chirping a trill so sweet to a bird's call that's more like a screech.
Wakes me Wakes me to the splendor of it all.

'Tis the unsung song of the water's turpitude
'Tis the top flight of a bird as it catches trench for food.
Wakes me Wakes me to the splendor of it all.

'Tis the titanic of the water arms that sways the boat to and fro.
'Tis really grand, how long its life span.
Wakes me Wakes me to the splendor of it all.

'Tis upon these waters much empathy have it seen
But no tale shall it tell

'Tis the splendor of it all.

Marsha Brown

The Spirit of Christmas

Santa Claus with his "ho, ho, ho!"
is saying we'll never outgrow
Santa and toys
Christmas and all its joys.
Sometimes the ho, ho, ho
seems so low, low, low
but this season, I heard it loud and clear in Toyland
making me feel so grand,
even though Popo wasn't there
with us, this gladness to share,
the sparkle in the little girls' eyes
(wherein the star lies),
capturing the Spirit of Christmas.
Although, it may elude some of us
it's so contagious
and so glorious
the twinkle and glow
like the star over the manger below
lighting the way
to Christmas day
when our gifts we bring
and carols sing
trying so hard the Spirit to find,
humbling hearts—yours and mine
with love and goodwill
all year to fill,
remembering Jesus' birth,
hoping for Peace on Earth.

Hesse G. Byrd

Cyclone of Sorrow

Broken, Battered, Bleeding, Borrowed
hearts falling from the stars
spinning away—tortured
from private wars
tilting toward
sunny skies
slip and
fall into
an abyss
of never ending
greyer skies and
clouds spray
the earth with
tears of
sorrow
and the
blood
drips
into a
pool a thousand fathoms
deep and
the tears and the blood
they spin
in a cyclone of sorrow
the pool spills
over the edge
and traces of sorrow
past are lost to
lovers' anxious memories

Chase Kimball Byron

A Letter to Betsy

Dear Betsy Ross, we need a flag to represent our land.
Please use some *white* to show delight; "In purity we stand."

And use some *red* to honor those who sacrifice their all
To keep our nation free and strong, so it will never fall.

The sky shall never be the end as we explore in space.
So, use some *blue*. America! Forever in God's Grace!

God's Man

I fear that I shall never be
the man that God expects of me.

A man whose hungry heart is led
to know God's word; on It be fed.

A man who looks to God all day,
and lifts his holy arms to pray.

A man who in his body bears
the scars of battle, and he cares

To help the needy on their way
to find the Lord while it is day.

To be *shot down for God* is best
when loving hands lay him to rest.

To Our "Grandmother," Mary Dibble
(On her birthday number 90)

Of all those guys who wished to be,
You ne'er chose one, but 'dopted me.

My children too, you love so dear.
When they fall down, you kiss their tear.

Their hurt to you means just as much
As flesh and blood who suffer such.

My "Wifey" too, has been your babe.
No sweeter child, God ever made.

Finer rearing never given
To any child this side Heaven.

You watched o'er her since she was two.
You trained my wife to be like you.

We would not brag to say so much:
"We are the only lives you touch."

For all who meet our "Granny" dear
Love Christ the more: You bring Him near.

Clifford C. Cartee

God Is:

The **A**uthor of our faith with
bountiful blessings given in
love to last
eternally.

His **T**ruth is here to
open your eyes to light

Our **F**aith in him should become a part
of our lives, knowing that he
redeemed us from sin
giving us the right to choose
if our souls will serve
victory or
eternal damnation

Be **S**teadfast in him and not
inconsistent in keeping our prayer lives
never to cease.

Joyce B. Crawley

Black Customer
(Am I Invisible?)

I patiently waited
Three, two, one more.
Now it's my turn.
You walk away,
into some small dimly-lit room.
Never to reappear it seems,
Still, I wait.
One, two, three, four more.
The counter's once again filled,
As if by magic you reappear.
Going to anyone other than me.
I am angered,
I can no longer withhold the rage I feel.
Trying to tell you how I feel, I am speechless
My limbs tremble, my voice quivers, as if I might cry.
I want to shout at you, every profane word I've ever heard,
But you expect that of me.
Only with my flashing eyes, can I express my anger.

I've controlled the tremblings of my limbs
The quiver is gone from my voice,
The lump in my throat, has diminished,
Again you walk away,
I'm left . . . . . Still waiting!!!!!!

No Smoking

Your cigarette smoke is choking me
    It's smelling up my clothes
If you won't quit for your health sake
    Won't you quit for my clogged up nose

Dyanne Davis

Morning Sun

As the golden sun raises its head
above the horizon,
The earth lifts her sleepy eyelids
of morning fog,
And peeks out at the warm, soft
light of day.

The dew on the grass glows then
begins to glisten;
The birds awake and start to whistle
their morning serenade,
And the animals begin to stir and
stretch and yawn.

The peace and tranquility of a
restful night are past;
Another day in earth's journey is
coming into being,
With a promise of progression as we see
the first rays of the morning sun.

Chloe Dian

Ode to a Wood Stove

It's evening and the frost is on,
A dark cloud gathers overhead.
I bring my firewood in for night,
And in my wood stove a fire I'll light.
I watch the embers in the twilight gloom,
Flick across the shadows in my dim lit room,
Like tiny elves they flit and play,
Snapping and crackling bright and gay.
My wood stove, like a true dear friend,
Gives warmth and friendship as the long day ends.
With each stick, each block, I burn,
I build a fortress from the cold
And in dreams relive sweet days of old.
Of another home, another room,
Another fire in the twilight's gloom.
Other faces, so long now gone,
In sweet fond memories return to me
In the flickering flames and my evening dream.

Empty Cottage

Empty cottage in the cold
Cloaked with memories of old:
Door ajar on rusty hinge;
Window panes of smoky tinge;
Bramble bushes by the path;
Ghost voice of a maiden's laugh,
Echoes faintly through the wood
Where once a swing and play box stood.
Forlorn and watchful, now it waits
New hands to open wide the gates.

Yesterday's Child

Happy children of the sun,
Chasing sunbeams on the run.
Building sand castles on the shore,
While o'er our heads the sea gulls soared.
Spinning pipe dreams on the air,
Unheeding time we had no cares.
Oh, to be a child once more,
To skip along that peaceful shore,
To share just one more carefree day,
Where gulf waves dash and sandpipers play.

Dust of the Past

Victors reign but a night and a day,
The eyes of the world look ahead.
The sweetest rose soon fades and dies,
And feet on its petals will tread.
There's always a mountain beyond the hill,
Swift rivers beyond the streams;
Beyond the grove deep forest lies,
Beyond old thoughts—new dreams.

Unveiling of Winter

Bright leaves or russet, gold and red,
Careen through air by high wind led,
Go whirling, twirling fancy free,
As tiny elves out on a spree.
They flirt with school girls passing by,
Steal wanton kisses on the sly,
Unmindful of the scene unveiling,
Stark winter's cold and sharp wind's wailing!

The Monarch Oak

So many times you sheltered me,
From summer's heat, from rain, from storm,
Beneath your strong old arms now stilled,
From the stinging blow by the axman borne.
So many times you dried my tears,
When as a child misunderstood,
I came to you and found you kind,
Comforting me as a mother would.
You were my friend; "Oh, steadfast oak,"
Man's counselor supreme instate,
Veritable always standing there,
As a sentry guarding heaven's gate.
Natures cathedral, a century old,
Living fortress of beggar or king,
Now destroyed by the cold iron hand,
Brought down by the axman's angry swing.
Your proud old form may rot or burn,
Majestic still you will remain,
A seedling through the earth will swell,
And the monarch oak once more shall reign.
By then my ashes will be dust,
Wind blown o'er prairie mixed with yours.
Your seedling grown will shelter mine,
The same you sheltered me afore.

Madeline Chapman Fish

From the Diary of an Immigrant . . .

To you my dearest parents
From whom I am Reality
I remember you every day
So much, and so dearly!
Half around the world, apart
Is very far, it is true;
But feeling you close to me
Is just not the same
As being close to you!
Far, and alone every day
I think of you with much emotion . . .
And on those cold mornings
When happiness has gone
In you I find my devotion . . .
When I was young, it is true;
you gave me so many advices
But young as I was
How could I had understood?
However, I must say now
What I feel inside my soul
Cry out loud, at ever moment
What sweet memories will hold!
Now I feel very strong
Your everlasting love
Through you I find peace and guidance,
Not to fall with the others!
So today, my dearest parents,
From this far away country,
I am sending you this message
Asking for your blessings.

Hard to Let Go . . .

A different country, a new life
Changing costumes, dreams and goals
And shuttered dreams of yesterday
Overflows, my heart and soul.
That I have tried to erase
But it is impossible to do;
But I will try again and again
Until I let go, let go and let go.
I don't want to remember
Painful memories of you
That keep flashing through my mind
Wounding my heart and soul.
So I must go on my way
Where there is freezing and snowing,
Where there is cold, and the wind blowing;
I don't want to remember
Those cold nights of December . . .
The fire burning, the record playing
Christmas carols,
The smell of Christmas trees,
The jingle bells,
Bringing to me so much peace
And yet, so many shuttered dreams
Of yesterday . . .
So I will be on my way
To where is freezing and snowing
Where there is cold and the wind blowing
And find myself again.

Celeste Dias Fonseca

A Mighty Power

It has been proven by our Scientists—
those considered to have great minds
by the World's standards—
that the Earth does spin
and spins in such a way
that we the People
do not even know it
or shall I say—feel it move.
These Scientists say
it is Gravity—
That holds the Earth in place
But I tell you
it is the Great Power
of the Hand of God
that keeps it so
And believe me
if He removes that power
Gravity will not keep us
from falling into utter chaos.

Beyond the Grasp of Man

God's wisdom is beyond—the grasp of Man
Beyond his understanding
So far out of reach
that it can never be attained by Man
so why do we worry
when God takes care of all.

S. Green

The Wind

Listen to the wind!
The wind moans, the wind whines, and even cries.
It teases, it murmurs, and sometimes sighs.

The wind rushes, the wind crawls,
and whimsically whirls around.
It burns, it freezes, and majestically sweeps the ground.

The wind is felt, the wind is heard,
but never, ever seen.
The wind is rude; indeed, it can be extremely mean!

Listen to the wind!
It sings out this clear message
in a triumphant key:

Listen, Creation,
O listen to me!
Of all the wonders in the world,
I, The Wind,
alone am autonomous,
yea, unfettered, fully Free!

Florence L. Guenier

"Space Shuttle Blues"

This poem was written prior to the Challenger disaster of January 1986. It is dedicated to those brave astronauts.

Here I am a teacher, wife, and mother
And I have been chosen to board the Space Shuttle.
The President had thousands of teachers from which to choose.
When the telephone rang, how could I refuse?

Not only will the space program have its first civilian as the main feature,
But that honor will be held by a teacher!
I am happy to have been chosen, proud to represent my peers.
However, with the honor, come nagging innumerable fears.

Can my body stand the strain of those unearthly forces in space?
Will my mind adjust to the utter desolation of that place?
I must replace ungraded test papers with complicated data I have not yet
Learned to compute.
I cannot help wondering, will my family recognize me in a helmet and
Spacesuit?

Yes, when the President's call came, how could I refuse?
A great honor indeed,
What exciting news.
Nevertheless . . .
This teacher is plagued with the Space Shuttle Blues.

Heaven's Gate

All our lives are intertwined
Like the clinging branches of a vine
We all upon each other depend.
So don't upset the hands of Fate
Be patient, persevere, wait.
It will all be worth it in the End
When you find yourself knocking on Heaven's Gate.

Creation

When the Earth was young
And life so new,
Like a freshly-picked daisy
Among the morning dew and shining blades of grass
A spell was cast.

A mystical unveiling of God's Creatures
In the seas, land, and Heavens were beckoned by the Call.
Oh, the richness, the splendor, the wonder of it all!

When the Earth was young
And life so new,
A soul breathed.
Man's spirit grew.

Freedom

Boom, boom, boom, Mr. President
Where do we go from here?
Bang, bang, bang, Mr. General
Must we always live in fear?

Ding-dong, ding-dong
Rang out the ol' Bell of Liberty.
Now—doom and gloom is its song
Boom, bang, boom.
How sad that this great expense must be
Just to keep an eagle proud and free.

Susan Hancock

Hammered Reality

Lust-filled eyes peer around the corners of my imagination.
Recollections swim, a myriad of disjointed fragments
Puzzle-like and complex
Fitting together only if hammered into place
by the waves of my will.
Imagination and Hallucination blend
With memories of a tenuous Reality.
Confusing, anguishing examples of my broken soul,
Cool memories and flaming desires
Hotter than Vulcan's mighty forge
Cross my eyes drenching them in burning tears.
Vulcan's hammer falls, falls, falls
Echoing through my ears, vibrating my being.
Then, suddenly a cool wind blows and Silence
Wraps me in Her sweet bosom
Comforting me with the World's sweet whispers.
The mists part and I see.
Doubting, Fearing, I touch my vision
To assure myself of its substance
And of my own.

Memories . . .

Memories attack you like drug—
induced visions of Heaven and Hell,
Cold vibrations surround me with Death's putrefying smell.
I am wrapped about my own mind as is
the constrictor about his prey.
Turning constantly inward, searching for the
words that I might say.
Comforts that I may give are seldom and few,
For there is none to calm or comfort me Save you;
And you are but a vibration of memory in mind,
A cold and biting comfort that your presence left behind.

Blind Voices

Blind voices echo through the void
Wresting order from the chaos
Of unthinking minds.
A myriad of colors assails the mute
The Universe on bent axle
Spins Its Creation onward,
Inward, and to the death.
Recycled beings become Nothing
In the masses of the expendable.
Tales of the past mean nothing to the Historians
Who seek truth instead of legend.
Meanings are as nothing
To those seeking the Absolute Truth
For in the Truth Absolute there is no
Personality, no reality, only Truth.

Turn on a Light

In the dark and broken mind of the Genius and Fool
Kaleidoscopic, fragmented visions swarm,
Focusing, changing, never twice the same.
Emotions rise, bubbling to break the surface,
To part the dark waters surrounding his thoughts.
The bubbles rise and burst, throwing water from his eyes
Down his cheeks the glistening river flows
Breaking at the edges of his face like a waterfall.
He is silent unknowing
For the kaleidoscope that was his reality then
Has changed once again.
He will not, cannot know what is now
For his now has passed
Before it could become a then. Time no longer exists
His perception of the Universe has swallowed him in himself.

Tim Hancock

When Tomorrow Comes

When tomorrow comes,
And the day is done,
My reward will be won.
Another day has just begun,
To do with it what I will.
It'll be mine until . . .
Tomorrow comes.

When tomorrow comes,
I'll stand in the light of justice,
To make my final confesses,
Rights and wrongs will be,
Weighted on the scale of time.

My slum hopes are,
My rights will outweigh my wrongs.
Because for every right,
I'll have grown closer to His light.
But for every wrong,
Any chance I might have had might be gone.

I want to be in that number,
Rejoicing in His love and Holy Slumber.

If by Fate,
I'll enter the gate,
North, South, East, or West.
I'll have passed life's test.

When tomorrow comes, I'll enter the door,
And give an account for all the days before.
Whether I wasted them or fulfilled . . .
I'll have to do His will.
For I'll pass through this world no more.

Where Will You Be?

When this world has come to the end—
Of its journey—
A lot of souls will be lost—
And burning.

Why pay the high price of damnation—
When Salvation is free?
Why feel locked in misery and frustration—
When Heaven and all its glory is the key?

When this world has come to the end—
Of its journey—
Where will you be?

The Challenge

Why must love be so unkind, so untrue?
Why must the value of the things I seek in you—
Seem worthwhile one minute—
And worthless in the next.

Why must it be one-sided—
When we're both involved in it?
How could time reflect—
Such a bad image?

When we could've simply taken on the challenge—
And conquered its task.
By giving an account for—
All the things if not more—
That only love, true love could ask.

Charlotte Henderson

Timeless Love

The sea of time may flow perilously
between the shores of our feelings;
and the winds of transition blow gently across
the miles of memories that we created on this earth;
the sands of eternity bridge the distance between
our outstretched hands, yet never separating us;
and the mountains of grandeur may tower high above,
the climb dangerous, yet no more wondrous
than the heights of our passion;

While the ashes of existence lie quietly beneath,
marking the place where our spirits will part;
but the essence of our timeless love will
transcend the boundaries of life's Winter and
dwell fervently in the eternal Spring of
God's infinity.

Time's Winding Road

The hours of destiny are transiently sustained,
measured in fragments that we call days;
The errand of our mission lies obscurely hidden,
just above our line of vision, it forms the undiscernible
silhouette that is faith's challenge;
The depth of our passion's joy is confined by the same
boundless ocean that encompasses our pain,
while our mind remains helplessly on the shore,
still searching for the hourglass of life's passage;

Yet the gathering clouds on the horizon of life's infidelity
do not predict the darkest hour;
The mystery of time's winding road of wisdom will pave
the way to the Creator's Promised Treasure.

Mary Hernandez

Figuring Sounds

All around I hear so many sounds.
Sounds of love,
Sounds of happiness,
Severe sounds,

Sometimes I hear sounds of joy,
Maybe somewhere,
Somehow I hear a baby boy, or baby girl,

Singing, Laughing, sometimes even groaning tones,
Then sometimes I hear sounds of hate,
Hopeless, useless, unfortunate fate,

I try to vision how a person feels according
To the sounds they make,

Sounds of sadness not gladness,
What the caged woman or a caged man makes.

Let me close my eyes and see if I can detect
Any sounds from me,

Sinking into the fullness of me,
I cannot find the sounds of me.

Reflections of Happiness

Bright glittering eyes light up,
Reflecting happiness,

Sparkling mixtures, bright hues, moving slowly,
In the breeze,

Drifting into total relaxation, perfections,
Cleansed with flowing reminiscence of peace,

Peacefully, relaxing, swinging slowly in rhythm,
It matters not how long this feeling will be within,
Within, the inner most complexity,
Of everything, everyone, so much to see and feel,

To share and give to someone,
Reflections of happiness.

Janet Higdon

and the sun was shining
warm
afternoon golden
between the leaves of a shade tree
providing umbrella to a host of hungry birds
hopping to and fro for our banquet of crumbs
lazily tossed after sips and syllables
sips and syllables
lovely long casual conversation
without momentum
warm
graced by your smile
a pleasant beam of afternoon golden
to remind me
just to remind me

my love
i want to take your hand
and go with you
to share a life
with you
my love
forever
to be by your side each day
in your arms each night
and always in your heart
my love
take my hand
and come with me
to make a life
together

Nanette Jackson

Long Way Home

A Rich boy rode the bus today
His car was in the shop

With stinging eyes his empty head
Learned much at every stop

Middle-aged man/half a leg
Reflecting envy in Money-man's eye

16-Yr. old Hooker Shining her
Yellow Teeth to match her shredded Mini-Skirt

But, Most were Lost "within" themselves
Tragic figures in Tragic play

Saying Nothing, Staring out the window
Picking at their nose, teeth, genitals

Wrinkled old woman Counting her *Coke* Cans
Teenage youth Staring ahead at an invisible future

Then, the Doctor Commanding his patients,
"No Sir. Please put out that cigarette."

Finally, Rich boy's Stop.

Fleeing from the burning bus
Rich boy headed home

For some odd reason
He felt the need to rest and think . . . Alone.

Honorable Mention

You're kinda' Poor
Sorta' short & Ugly

But, I like ya—anyway
Cause ya got a lot of heart.

Mistaken Observation

People who Pass &
Stare me "down"

Will later read their
Faces, Actions, Comments

And no longer whisper,
"Why does he Sit & Stare"

Jerrold Sean Jacobson

You! Have Nourished My Soul

Although I don't express my feelings to you often, I do want
You to know that I feel very much for you. You have nourished
My soul with your sharing and caring for me. I realize what
You are as a person, what you have done for me, what you are
to
Me. You are a beautiful person, one Beautiful Being. When We
Are Together We are really together, those moments I will
Cherish forever. Let there be no mistake, for I do appreciate
You, Your Love, for it will always live inside of me, because
You are inside of Me, A Special Part of Me. These words I want
You to Know and Understand. With Love, Always and Forever,
Truly Yours, Lovingly, Yours Truly, Sincerely!

From the Heart

You know if it weren't for the Lord there'd be
No Hearts, and if there were no Hearts there'd
Be No Love to Give, and if there were No Love
To Give, for what reason would we have TO Live.
The Heavenly Father supplies our Every Need!
Let's not forget He gave US the very Breath that
We Breathe. All God asks of US, is to Give each
Other Love and All Love asks of US is to let it
Lead The Way. So, in reality Valentine's Day is
Everyday, when it comes From The Heart.

Check Your Consequences

The difficulty in Life sometimes is the choice
Your choice Yes or No is your voice
It's your choice You choose Your choice
And We all know for a Fact that No One Wants to Lose
Education is the Way, Ignorance has Too High A Price to Pay

Enhance your Lifetime while Your Are here My Dear
Love your Life and its Romances
Live your Life and take your Chances
Be Wise and Check Your Consequences (CYC)

Loving You from My Soul

I remember that September day
When fate brought you my way
Good old Fate and Destiny
Said that, "It's Time for Them to Meet!"

I did not Know It Then but I Know It Now
That I Just Love having You around
I never Knew Love to this Degree
You make me Feel So Heavenly

And I, I'm Loving You From My Soul
You make me feel So Very Real
And I, I'm Loving You From My Soul
You Know I get Real High
When I Just Feel Your Vibe

Beyond Coincidence

I can see it in your eyes
And you wear it on your smile
That we're going to be
Together for all times
Cause you know this Love's Divine
It Feels Heavenly

It's a Gift sent from above
Oh Heavenly Love
God sent to You and Me
I can See It In Your Eyes
And you Wear It On Your Smile

I can See It On Your Face
And I Feel All Your Grace When You're Embracing Me
I can Hear It In Your Sound
No words spoken, but the Sound
It's called Speaking Soulfully

Life Time Love (LTL)

Didn't know it then
That we'd cross paths
We'd meet and share laughs
On the roads of Life's journey

Didn't know it then
That we'd become friends
And from friends to lovers
Life is to be discovered

I am sure glad there are
Other ways to say
What words can never say
I Love You! Plus

I may not get to spend much time
Still I Thank God
Because you are a friend of mine
I wish you Health and Happiness

A Place

Way up high beyond the sky
There's a place for you and I
Spread your wings Spread your wings
And fly up high beyond the sky
There's a place for you and I
Don't you know it's nothing but LOVE there
And everyone wears a smile

Spread your wings; Spread your Wings
And fly up high beyond the sky
There's a place for you and I
Don't you know there's nothing but LOVE there
And everyone there LOVES, CARES and SHARES!

Don't you know it's just for us
LOVE, HUGS, and KISSES!!!

He's On His Way (It's Time)

It's time for a change
    Because I Know the KING is coming
It's time for a change
    Yes I know he's on his way
        HERE JESUS COMES
It's time for a change
    Because I heard the Angels singing
It's time for a change
    And this is what they sang
        HERE JESUS COMES
He's on his way, here he comes
He's on his way, JESUS is on his way
Yes he's on his way, here he comes
        JESUS IS ON HIS WAY

Donna Lynn Johnson

Angel of Eagle Bay

Lovely little artist
alone in life
recreating your scenes
for tourists to buy
Arriving seasonally
to experience your world
buying paintings
leaving with the cold
Accurate likenesses
of surrounding sights
showing a love
of your time, your life
While poverty stalks
you keep drawing
creating images
somehow surviving
There's a roof
soup to keep living
accumulating nothing
except supplies for painting
You keep laughing
with your beautiful smile
your happiness infectious
to all around
A charming little bundle
of talented being
you choose to stay
and live as you might
having found at least,
YOUR paradise

Angel II

This is where you live?
one room over the saloon
cot with thin sleeping bag
two pair of jeans
worn hiking boots
old flannel shirt
coat much too large
only sign of nourishment
four soup cans
The room full of paintings
various stages of completion
their brightness clashing
with the dreary surroundings
how do you exist?
but you're happy!
you have nothing!
  but the freedom
  to pursue what others dream
  surviving somehow to Be.
  you don't have to dream

Still Time

self-subjugated populace
    drifting aimlessly through time
    desperate for verification
    of their existence
    yet forfeiting the right
    to think and reason
    giving their minds
    to the very first taker
    with last breath
they forever cease to exist

Jon Jonasse

The Bluesman

The line is getting shorter. Moving closer, closer.

Clothes are tattered, eyes bulging, my fate decided.

I struggled to avoid this passage. The light is fading, pitch black.

He loved his music, worshipped it. Jazz and blues blasted from his room. The smoke, it became intolerable. Its sweet pungent aroma drifting in the halls.

He's dead now.

"Rastafarian," he said, eyes bloodshot, hair tangled. "Ganja bring me closer to my maker, the bluesman take me there."

Alone, disturbed, frightened, apartment cluttered, roach-infested. No job, no money, yet he walks.

They echoed through his door. Two voices, whispers, sometimes screams.

Each morning, like clockwork, at eight he'd walk. Dingy clothes, unbathed. "Bluesman come for a visit. When the time is near, the bluesman come in and swoop you up."

I'd shut the door, pick up the phone. No one listened. My career was over.

He continued to walk.

In the evening he'd return at eight, never losing a beat.

"He's getting closer, closer. The time is near."

The voices echoed again, always two.

They carried him out, apparent suicide, drug overdose.

He still walks.

My nostrils dry, the pain penetrating my body. I cried, picked up the phone. No one listened. It's over.

He still walked.

I gazed into the kitchen. There he sat, grin on his face, wide black-brimmed hat, tickets in hand.

The bluesman.

We all walk.

Walter Jones

The Shadow

In the shadow in the garden, laying there all alone,
you will find your ever after, one whom you can call your own.

The path is sleek and slippery; treachery lies before the fall;
But if you care to risk true love, you can win to claim it all.

The way is quietly manifested, if you know just where to seek.
Go the right way for your pleasure, for the ultimate at its peak.

Beware of the blasé promises put to hinder trivial man.
The shadow in the garden has strength and truth in the plan.

Be wise, oh weary traveler, when you enter the mysteries of
the garden full of secrets and a shadow full of love.

Forget Me Not

Forget me not, my love, nor become estranged,
Though days or weeks between our sight and touch exchanged.

For those precious lovely hours when we can be alone,
mean more to me than other loves that have been and gone.

I remember well those times of happy memories:
of stolen moments, a stolen kiss, tucked into reverie.

So I do hope, most assuredly, that you forget me not;
and keep the thought of secret love close into your heart.

A Sea Nymph's Daughter

A boat is on the water, approaching me at shore;
I stand, a sea nymph's daughter, to watch its dipping oar.

On it there stands a figure; he gazes out to sea.
He studies all of nature, then reaches out to me.

He is tall and winsome, yet curious to my eyes.
A strange man, surely handsome, his voice does mesmerize.

He is fun and laughter, much goodness and delight.
He sleeps beside me after our shared love at night.

The boat yet floats on water, waiting its master's call.
I watch, a sea nymph's daughter, from the high garden wall.

Its magic is alluring, its stronger every day;
though my love's assuring he will not go away.

He is ever charming, swearing he loves me dear.
He says he wants me warming his days year after year.

Happy, I am most pleased. I trust him at his word;
but still the boat does tease, tugging at its cord.

The man now comes less frequent to share with me his love.
He's been at the water, recent, scanning the stars above.

He is yearning for adventure, tiring of idleness.
He is close to paradise, yet, the man has restlessness.

The gain of idyllic happiness the man's designed to squander.
He is made to seek a quest, forever always wander.

I know yet fear he'll leave, no regrets will he carry.
I'll have nothing with which to cleave, only memories do tarry.

The boat is on the water, retreating from the shore.
I stand, a sea nymph's daughter, to watch it come no more.

On it there stands a figure; he gazes once to me.
Briefly, he's sad of feature, then he heads out to sea.

He is tall and winsome; he lingers in my eyes.
I blink, he's gone. It's lonesome. My voice betrays my cries.

The memory of his laughter, such goodness and delight,
is all that lingers after his love. Goodbye, my knight.

The Cold

The bitter cold comes creeping
creeping over limbs half frozen;
The sound of wails and weeping
weeping chilled and still, unchosen.

The blustery wind stays blowing,
blowing squalls across the land;
The freezing cold keeps growing,
growing tall to take the man.

Blue the feet are now turning,
turning numb with bitter frost.
A strange sensation, like burning,
burning in death. Pay the cost.

All still and lifeless, no moving,
moving in remorseless wind;
the frozen wastes it's leaving,
leaving only the frost behind.

The icy fingers are gnawing,
gnawing to still the very soul.
Outwards the ghost is drawing,
drawing the cold to take it's toll.

Katrinka

Lovegate

The gate is always open;
The hinges work both ways;
The flower garden of my heart
is filled with love and praise;
New blossoms ever unfolding
as old ones fade and die,
The withered leaves keep falling
like teardrops when I cry.
New blooms we will always treasure;
Old ones we can always trim.
Your love is my greatest treasure
even as my eyes grow dim.
As we grow old together
and dream about our past,
through calm days and stormy weather
our love was made to last.

Inheritance

To my children:
It may come to you as a great surprise
when I've passed beyond and you realize
that my wealth was not great
(but my love was real).
These words will show how I really feel:
Be kind to each other; no big debate,
and when I'm gone you can celebrate
for I've left mostly words within a book;
If you don't believe, just take a look.
There are hidden messages within each poem
stating love for my Lord, love for my home,
love for my family and friends so true,
and each message is meant especially for you.

Virginia Lemperle

Good Old U.S.

For decades the world has viewed the U.S.,
As the most wonderful of utopian places,
Where everyone has oil wells in his yard,
To see his millions grow on a daily basis.

Where no one works for anything he wants,
While everyone makes gains by the minute,
And when you find a discarded box or can,
It will have an enormous cash fortune in it.

Poor People must reach that promised land,
To live on Taxpayer's sweat and good will,
No one seems to know that American charity,
Can no longer pay such a tremendous bill.

No well is so deep that it can not run dry,
Some day when too late it can be a sad story,
If it is a special honor to carry the World,
It is time to let someone else have the glory.

If powers have given all of the money away,
To prove they are the World Emperor so great,
It seems that available facts and figures,
Are trying to tell us of an impending fate.

It seems that a debt of two trillion dollars,
Does not mean that all things are too great,
And it is high time to consider the American,
Before we find that we have awakened too late.

Will Melvin

Morning

I woke up today and felt you beside me,
the warmth of you made me smile.

I can't remember a feeling such as this—
a swelling of my heart and warmth deep in my soul.

You awoke and gazed at me with smiling eyes,
Ah yes, now I remember.

Wondering

Did she say the things I said
when you touched her tenderly?
Were her eyes as blue as mine
when you gazed expectantly?

Do you think of her at times,
when I whisper to you softly.
Do you dream of her in the night,
while breathing softly next to me?

I know it's hard to forget
when something was so strong—
The memories fade slowly,
they never disappear.

The hurt remains forever,
the love never dies.
She keeps a part of you,
that never will be mine.

Valerie A. Mercer

One Way Trip

The road is long,
and sometimes
dark and empty,
except for the whispering wind
and the echoing voices
that call us
from the wells
of our previous times.

Yet we continue
in search of a dream
that defines
every motion and thought
that will get transpired
out of each cell,
which realizes
the dimensions,
of tomorrow's reality.

The journey,
creating memories
that compliment every projection
of tomorrow's world;
as if we are
on a one-way trip through time,
and continuously experiencing
the fear of anticipation
and the pain of departure.

Suheil M. Nassar

Au Revoir Sheree

Long blue notes from a saxophone
float out from one of those after hour joints
liquor in the front—cards in the back
and girls upstairs
blue notes that have heard every promise made in the dark.

Flatted thirds, fifths, and sevenths comfort me
as I walk alone
past spray paint Chagall icons with hubcap halos
to that abandoned underpass
where the sidewalk savior walks on broken glass
and puts out cigarettes in his hand.

I've talked with him before
watched him bounce subway tokens off manhole covers
and turn them into wishing wells
I was hoping he would do it again
so I could make a wish
about you.

But there was no muse waiting in this alcove
no solace for an anxious heart
in this lower corner of the night
just an abandoned shoe ballet some stardust
and a stray dog's tears

Winds thru broken bottle necks
play a beggar's waltz
a song that leaves me wanting you

Longing to tell you why this Crôix de Guerre
hides beneath my smiling lapel
hoping you would understand.

Neil O'Keefe

The Second Coming

Nuclear weapons exist
that can fully destroy the world;
the day of impending doom
is certain to have its place,
should the doors be opened at launching sites
and lethal missiles be hurled.

The nuclear shadow has grown,
and completely covers the earth;
Gone in a moment could be the existence
of things of value and worth.

Throughout the years of time
contention has troubled the nations,
and war has taken a toll;
Peace, it has always appeared,
has been the impossible goal.

We have never lived together
in a state of harmonious calm;
Achievement of such an objective
remains an elusive aim,
as we sadly devote our efforts
to struggle with one another
in the dreadful age of the bomb.

Soon the Lord will come,
and establish His precious government,
as lesser activities cease;
In the midst of a glorious light,
our Lord will return to the earth,
and rescue man from himself;
Joy will engulf the heart
when the world is forever at peace.

Raindrops

Spring had scarcely begun
in our small, midwestern town;
As you'd rightly expect in April,
rain was trickling down.

Refreshing drops of water
were landing upon my face;
A magical transformation
was seen in that tranquil place.

It seemed to become a wonderland
as winter relinquished its hold;
Gone was the look of a bare terrain,
Gone as well was the cold.

The rain was turning the grass to green
instead of a lifeless brown;
Mother Nature was at her best—
The arrival of spring was a jewel
which accentuated the beauty
of a most elaborate crown.

The pleasant shower refreshed the air
and kept it sublimely cool;
It washed the dust from the street,
and formed an occasional pool.

The sidewalk sparkled with moisture
and surrouding objects were clean;
It was one of the prettiest sights
that my eyes had ever seen.

Invigoration inspired me to walk
at a quickening rate of speed;
What a marvelous day the Lord had made,
a marvelous day indeed!

The Wind

It's something that one can feel,
but something that can't be seen;
It refreshes the air on a summer day
when the earth is lush and green.

It propels a boat on a lake
as it wondrously fills the sail;
It can take the form of a breeze
or advance to a frightening gale.

It produces reliable energy
as a windmill functions with grace;
The strength of the wind is harnessed
as a breeze continues to race.

Trees sway in the wind
in a graceful, magical dance;
Watching the presentation
can induce a delightful trance.

Blades of grass sway as well
before the relentless power;
The wind is a wonderful thing
which functions throughout the hour.

It of course can become as cruel
as any force in the world;
The force of a cyclone is so extreme
that houses are easily hurled.

Hurricanes come from the sea,
and savagely batter the land;
but although the wind can increase
it can also be tranquil and grand;
It's one of the natural forces
that God in Heaven has planned.

Jerry C. Palmer

Arthur's Song

Now and forever
exist together
in a faraway land
with blue skies and warm sand.

She with her crown of gold
and he with his warriors bold,
rule all eternity,
so I am told.

Companion

You who are so fair.
You who are so desired.
Behold one who knows you
more than flesh seen.
Behold one who reaches out
to touch the real star
that you are.

Though life does pass
like grains of sand;
let it be said of much more
worth is man.

Judith K. Pierson

Without thy love life is void
Bereft of every sweetness
No joy in night or morn
The daily round goes on
Without thy love no light to pierce
Deep darkness of my soul
Hours seem never-ending
Scarcely worth the spending
Without thy love each task is heavy
So useless in the doing
The happy sound of things
Gives not my spirit wings
Without thy love duty is a trial
Of hardest bearing
Why have you then departed
Why left me broken-hearted
Without thy love my nights hold
Worthless dreaming
Give back lost days of Spring
Your heart wide open fling.
Without thy love no wish for heaven
No peaceful sleep
Why is there no forgetting
No balm to soothe this fretting
Without thy love all life is vain
Eternity of waiting
All, all is changed
There is no hope remaining.

Your mood was gay
I should have known
How to play.

Your mood was sad
I should have known
What to say.

But I was dumb
My senses numb
You went away.

So return to me
Now I can feel
Much more deeply.

Millions of snowflakes
Not one alike
Each one so different
As gently it alights
Here I am
Quite insignificant
Yet no other like me
Making individuality
Proof of Divinity.
So thought is awakened
Fully I realize
I must prove identity
If I'm to be recognized
Or be like a snowflake
Once quite unique
Now just microscopic
Slush on the street.

Nan G. Portass

A Legacy to All Lovers

I hold a silver drachma in my palm
Incused with Alexander's name and face
By one who lived and loved, and now is calm
Beneath some segment of forgotten space.

The coin tilts sun into my eyes
To flood my orbs with silver streak
And in that instant works to hypnotize
That I might hear the ancient speak.

"Beneath this speckled spume
Of distance
Where pigeons decorate my tomb
With limed indifference;
Where time has trickled to a freeze,
Into a constellated ocean
With cycles preordained;
Where quanta light of stars
And all of man's emotion,
Can never sway
The swirling of devotion
Of Venus, Earth and Mars
Nor change the laws of motion.
Here beneath this spangled screen
Of ancient round
I, too, once walked the immobile past
As you of now, unheeding pair,
Felt fresh fingers of a cruising air
Titillate the outer patina of skin
With pungent wiffets, jessamine."

I walked among enchanted names
Of lovers
Whose titivated games
Cannot outrace
My address of forgotten space.

"I walked, loved, fought and heard
The magnet song of lover's word.
I walked through sounds,
Touch taste and smell
And resonated
To a tingling tilt of a Moselle,
I flickered futile,
And quick as life upon eternity,
A lambent shadow on a sunless sea;
The stars were touchable as thee
That beckoned mellow with a gleam
To cling and worship their event
With more
Than half pretensions of a dream;
And I was fragmentized
With so much bright
Spume of gilded night,
So much of coruscating light.
Ah! I lounged in iridescent glade
And lost the pure penumbra of the shade."

"The mellow moon that peeked
Unblushing at my marriage rite
Flushed with such deep
History,
Still circulates
In mystery,
Seeking some vague familiar trace
In antiquated or refurbished place;
Some old acquaintance to ignite;
But cannot find my address or my sleep."

"Ah! The thousand million years
Of such deep mystery;
The thousand million sighs
That etherize,
The stolid pains of history.
The sullen mellow of their lips
The via glory of their flame,
The fleeting magic of their smiles
The fractured phantasy of fame—
The fluid beckon of their hips
The flourish and the folly of their wiles—
All! All have failed to win this game."

Time has purloined every face
And turned the forests dim and black.
The circling planets, in eternal chase
All yield to times incessant hack.
Nor all the tears of forlorn race
Can ever bring them back.

Nicholas Prasinos

An Ode to Miss Irene Cummings

Written especially for Miss Irene Cummings who was in my class at John Marshall High School in Chicago, Illinois in 1935.

MISS IRENE CUMMINGS.
Her remarkable beauty remains still,
A long drawn memory of longing,
Lingering in the mind's eye,
Preserved there until death ceases it.
MISS IRENE CUMMINGS.
Her inspirational self is the comforting warmth
likened unto the sunshine which holds the emotional
heart in its grip of intense joy.
MISS IRENE CUMMINGS.
She is an obsession worthy of its nature.
Tho years have gone by the vast influence and power
of her personality beckons with compulsive compassion
to total remembrance, an echo of a lost hope which never
came about to the concern of reality. She is my adoring
goddess whom I hold so dearly in the confining shadows
of my life.
MISS IRENE CUMMINGS.
She is an epitaph measured to desire, the wholesome goodness
of life, the urgent calling of a love never completely ful-
filled to the wanting of the human heart in an unsatisfied
loneliness. As ever she is my subject for
immortality. With her image, she has left an
everlasting impression on me.

To My Mother

For Mrs. Gussie Sallo

I opened the album of my never-dying dreams,
The tear drops fell upon the souvenirs of sorrow,
The simple things of life comfort me the most it seems,
The long years of memory, they, of the past I borrow.

To my Mother, O dearest one, always near to me,
With tenderness I tread the pathways of long ago,
Alive in my heart is ever remembrance of thee,
Your tenderness, your love ne'er forgotten in life's glow
Is my daily consolation, such guidance for me.
'Tis to God I pray, a heart burdened with sorrow,
Grant to my Mother the rewards that come from Thee,
Take her into the kingdom we seek of tomorrow.

Jack, I've Got to Go to Work

An epitaph to the late Mrs. Hazel Nadine Marshall

"JACK, I'VE GOT TO GO TO WORK,"
tho ill, she said to me.
"JACK, I'VE GOT TO GO TO WORK."
It's all so vivdly in memory.
She was physically weak tho morally strong,
She was decent, human, she did belong.
Her character was quality, it did show,
She died as only God could possibly know.
"JACK, I'VE GOT TO GO TO WORK,"
so often she said to me.
"JACK, I'VE GOT TO GO TO WORK."
It's all so vividly in memory.

Jacob Sallo

Along Endless Corridors of Cruel Burlesque

Along endless corridors of cruel burlesque,
an old man lay bent alone
with a bride of chains wrapped tightly around his wrists
and coins shouting melody from a torn coat this early hour.

Alone, that is, but for a youthful passerby
who approaches, staring in low-tone,
and nodding his head a very impatient "yes"
as he looks down at this forsaken mess.

The old man sensing this rather alluring caller,
forgets everything else
for he knows a lifetime of being nothing.
He quickly twists free his arrested hands
and stands on pain's alley floor, steadying his knees,
desperately plunging forth
to seize this figure before him!

Because of a somewhat uncoordinated fashion,
the subject easily escapes
and the old man falls to the wayside
plucking at empty shadows.

The young visitor turns away whispering
a new dawn of loneliness
and the old man continues his journey onward
unnoticed into the trillion stars of the night.

Ray Scroke

Transformation (Seasons)

As the duration of time prevails,
sleepiness approaches effortlessly
as summer uplifts its heart to welcome
fall—emblazon upon nature's valleys
The atmosphere, the cool breeze makes ready
the earth for a beautiful season of white aglow
The leaves of trees, hanging on or scattered below
transform green to amber, brown or red
as if finally bleached by the rays of the summer's sun
Summer's beauty fades away
and the spirit of the calyx invades the air;
Youngsfield gone, autumn at last. . . . *
. . . I hardly noticed the silence fluttering
to ground;
the silver flakes of florescent white
like a puzzle fall into place
Time has long past since the pines and trees
wore any coats at all
And after adjusting so well to the fickled weather
of the gleaming moons and sparkling stars,
nature ignored her cycle by transforming
from hibernation a peek ahead
The silence began to louden
as the seeds of seasons changed to flaked snow. . . .

E.J. Stewart

*Youngsfield: first of September

Green Tide

Now May has let her green tide fall,
    On wooded vale and garden wall.
The trees, bright, robed in verdant spread
    Of branches, arched to look o'erhead,
Lend to the landscape, wide and green,
    The shimmering beauty of their sheen,
As, wet with rain and struck by the sun,
    Just after the morning mists have begun
To rise and float and fade away,
    Into the brightness of the day.
While Spring's first blossoms fray and fall,
    And May lets her greenness cover all.

The Victory

He spoke and there were some who heard,
And they believed.
And there were those who scoffed and jeered.
They could not perceive
His concepts of truth and love.
And so defiled Him.
And even as His moment neared,
And He did not condemn them
As they scourged and taunted Him,
Until His Spirit fled.
But in the trembling darkness, they fell, aghast.
And when the appointed days had passed,
And they found Him gone, they said,
"It must be so, it must be He,
Who came to teach us love and peace.
He will remain with us and we shall spread
  His word,
So love will never cease."

On Reflecting

Now there are some who seem to think, when trouble
comes your way,
That this is just the end of things and brood your life away.
If only you could realize that life is cloud and sun,
And that a little hope and faith is half the battle won.

If you would just remember that one good smile a day,
Is the least expensive kind of purge to chase the blues away.
And a little perseverance, a little bit of prayer,
Will lighten all your burdens and soften all your cares.

So, if you must arise at dawn to earn your daily bread,
Just give a smile between the yawns, as you get out of bed,
And as the day progresses and you haven't done your mile,
Just look up at the glorious sun and give a joyous smile.

You soon will see that this does help along life's trying way,
And you can smile and thank Him that you've seen another day.

Maiden April

April is a maiden,
With raindrops in her hair.
So enticingly capricious,
And provocatively gay.

April is a promise,
With sunshine as her lair.
When time is of the essence,
to prime the earth for May.

Isabelle McClellan Taylor

These Songs Remind Me of You

(Especially dedicated to Bill Lawrence, ex-Godfrey star)

My darling, my darling, I miss you
More and more as time goes by,
You know you made me love you
Under that Ole buttermilk sky.
I dream of you night and day,
I cross my fingers and always pray,
It isn't fair, my dear,
That I should care this way.
Now that I need you
You're breaking my heart in two,
It's always you I surrender to,
Your candy kisses leave me so blue.
Whenever I hear the serenade in blue,
My foolish heart longs to be near you,
Darling, in the blue of evening
THESE SONGS REMIND ME OF YOU.

The Bible

The Bible, the Bible more precious than gold,
Bright hopes and rich glories its pages unfold.
The Bible, the Bible contains wealth untold.
It gives us spiritual food needful to our soul.
The Bible, the Bible reveals God's great love
And it shows us the way to His home above.
Search, the scriptures faithfully,
Keep the great commandments true,
Live by the Bible daily,
Let others see Christ in you.

I Love to Read the Bible

I love to read the Bible,
Sweet words that never grow old,
A story about our dear Savior,
The greatest story ever told.
I love to read the Bible,
It teaches love to forgive,
Taken from the life of dear Jesus,
The greatest life that ever lived.
Keep the Bible close to your heart,
Remember God's words from the start,
Pray each day as you go your way,
Lo, He will be with you always.
I love to read the Bible,
The words so powerful and true,
A great book that will live forever,
Written 'specially for me and you.

I Owe It All to You

You put the sunshine in my smile,
Made my lonely life worthwhile.
All these things are true
And I owe it all to you.
You put a song in my sad heart,
Made me sing right from the start.
All these things are true
And I owe it all to you.
Like a lonely orphan child
I had no one to call my own,
When quietly you came along
And gave me a love so strong.

Alma Thurmond

Echoes from the Past

I got to thinking the other day about things we don't
forget.
Of Christmas time and New Year's Eve and that sunny
December morn'
When out of the sky over Waikiki to the bastion at Pearl's
door,
Came the squadrons of Japanese naval planes to destroy the
American fleet.
With surprise and a daring, they accomplished their task.
And when the last plane flew out of the bay, a thick, dense
black cloud was now all that remained
Of the ship's moored at Pearl that day.
The Japanese pilots returned to their ships with a confident
air of success,
That all daring and bravado of the U.S. was gone, that
America would not risk a war;
That we'd now sue for peace at most any old terms, leaving
Japan in control of the East.
Well! We didn't. We fought them through four vicious years
till they finally sued for peace in the end.
Now, a very long time has elapsed since that war.
Yet, a new Pearl Harbor's at hand.
It's a new type of war, based on trade and of mind,
But as deadly as all of the rest.
For nations are made and broke now these days,
Without firing a single shot,
For those dreams of the past of our greatness and stride
Are just what they are empty dreams.
For we cannot move on and expect to be best,
Sitting back while the others advance.
This new type of war must be fought differently,
With the new type of weapons at hand.
With a diligence and stealth that comes just
from the mind,
In this new Pearl Harbor of today.

Tiny, Toothless Termite Tale

Teenie, tiny, toothless termite,
Try to tap the teak tree there,
Then tell the truth,
Too tough to touch.
Those toothless teeth, they tell the truth.

Oh! That Soft Melody

I'm sorry, dear sister, that life, it went wrong.
That the song never played like it should.
That the scratches were more than the soft melody;
That it stayed on that last tune too long.
But perhaps it's a tinge of your doing, I say!
For to dwell in its soft melody;
Astute care must be taken that a real bad scratch
Will not mar its love song now
For good.

"Woof," That's My Life!

"Woof!" Just look at that bowl;
No, it's never been cleaned,
But that's just where they want me to eat.
And that slop that they feed me
It's not fit for a pig.
Yes! A dog's life is not what it seems.

"Oh!" Here comes my master
With another old bone,
Just to show off those tricks he has taught.
Well! Indigestion is better than a kick in the rump.
"So, roll, Fido, nice doggie."
Here goes.

I Wish I Knew

They ask me why?
My verse is melancholy and forlorn.
Well, I'm disappointed in the role of man.
Thru the eons that he's spent on earth,
He never seems to learn that to live in peace is better than making war.
You ask me and I tell you this,
For my days are numbered now.
Thank God, I soon will be no more of this.
No, I don't believe my thoughts will ever tip the scales now.
Many more have tried, and one was crucified.

Moments of the Past

I'm tired and sad, and I sit by myself
For the mainstream has long passed me by.
My values and concepts are momentos of the past,
From a world that has long since gone by.
Lost in the fast moving pace of today
Like a fish out of water, I flounder.
Knowing deep in my soul that I'll soon be consumed
By this rising New World of Tomorrow.
Yes, hook, line and sinker, I am trapped in its water,
Still I struggle, tho it's all over now.

It Tell No Lies

I looked in the mirror and what did I see!
An old gray-haired man, staring back at me.
Forlorn did I gaze at that withered, old face,
All the youth and exuberance had now been replaced.
Just a withered, old effigy of what once had been,
With a toothless, old smile in the place of my grin.
And I, like so many, watched Life's Saga unfold,
And I watched it right here 'on my mirror.'

The Last Hurrah

Subtle moments of reflections coming now
To mock my end,
When all thru life you've hidden deeply
Now you come to taunt me so.
Is this your spiteful mode of vengeance,
To mirror all of lifetime's woes?
When now it is the closing movement,
My last appearance;
The last Hurrah!

Loving Warmth

True love just like a fire, you burn brightly only once,
When extinguished, there is naught left there at all.
Tho the embers still may smoulder, the spent fire is
Now no more. Only ashes tell of what was there before.
So when kindling that first flame of love, make your
Hearth both snug and sure, ever wary of some wayward
Restless breeze. Then I'm sure it will burn brightly,
And your love it will hold true, in this warm and loving
Place that's called your heart.

Thank You

Thank you, dear God, for this short taste of life,
For the beauty it surely abounds.
And your art holds no equal, tho we certainly all
Have tried. You're still the best, unsurpassed, you're
The finest. My only regret is there's not enough
Time to enjoy all the work that you've done.
But once again, I say thanks for a chance to behold,
This small taste of your wonderful art.

The Last Trick is Mine

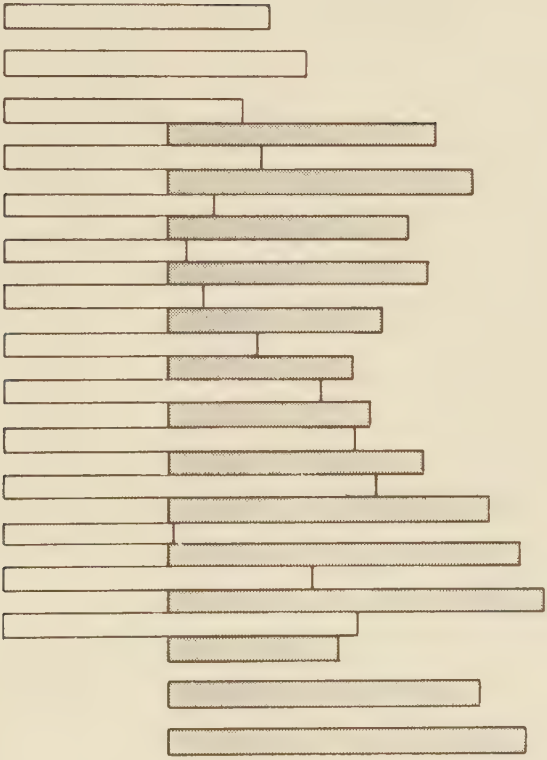
Fate! You scoff at my persistence,
For you think I've not the fortitude
To unleash your wanton grasp.
But I'm Mr. Time and I can outlast
Your reckless scramble.
So beware, for it is I who holds the trump card
In this World of Destiny, not you!
No! Not you!

Sour Grapes

"Eternia" . . . . . Well! I'm here at long last and forever
More do I sit. Playing my harp on this little cloud that some
Angel marked number six. And who said there's nothing worse
Than Hell? Well! just sit with me a while, with a million
Harps all out of tune, and you'll know just what it is. Yep!
Something worse than HELL, @%$#¢&*!*¢)@@%&¢$
(#%*)#***!.

Robert R. Weetman

About the Poets



Gene Darwin Abbott

was born in 1929 and raised in Putnam County, Missouri. He attended Yankton College and N.E. Missouri State University. He has gained experience in elementary teaching, clerical work, computer systems analysis and part-time Baptist preaching. Mr. Abbott married Marilyn Landtiser in 1951.

Magnolia Dilworth Austin

is a reflection of what her name means—peerless and proud. Her writing is centered around nature as her father exposed her to the names of trees, plants and birds at an early age. Her publications include *Notes from a Diary* by Triangle Publishers; *Color Me Love* by The Methodist Publishing Company; and her work has appeared in the Oakland Tribune and in *Important Poets of America.*

Anne Ayer

is a retired concert singer and recording artist who has performed extensively in the U.S.A. and abroad. Her specialties were German lieder, French art songs and Baroque opera arias. Her poetry attempts to recreate the melodic lines of the music she knows so well. She resides in Cambridge, Massachusetts with her husband, Dr. Edward F. MacNichol, Jr., a biophysicist.

Nvart Rose Baljian-Gara

This group of heritage poems are dedicated to Mrs. Gara's father who, shortly after arrival to the U.S.A. from South America, married Mrs. Gara's mother and raised Mrs. Gara in the traditions of the Armenian Church. He was born in Bardezag, or Garden Village, in Sebastia, Turkey, of Eghmahlian ancestry who were composers of church liturgies, namely the Sharagans of their church. They used the name of "Baljian" because they were beekeepers for generations and maintained a country store for this purpose. Their name became established in the Turkish language as it meant "honey keepers." Since they were Armenians living on their own lands, but under the rule of the Ottoman Turks, their name retains the "ian" ending although the root of the name remains Turkish in its meaning.

Marsha Brown

was born to Ophalina and Edith Stokes second of 13 children. She lived in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania until they moved to Philadelphia. Ms. Brown was educated at James Roads Elementary School, Shaw and Sulzberger Junior High, Overbrook High, Philadelphia State Hospital Distributive Education Program, and McCarrie Schools. "Memorie" was her first poetry collection published in 1980.

Hesse G. Byrd

lives in Charleston, South Carolina. She loves life and becomes so emotional about its ups and downs that she is inspired to capture these feelings in verse. She would like to share these experiences and feelings with readers, with love.

Chase Kimball Byron

is a sophomore at the Pine View School for gifted youths. He is the youngest bicyclist to ever finish the Sarasota 100-mile race and was the 1986 Florida State Wrestling Champion. Mr. Byron was previously published in *The New York Anthology 1986* and the *New England Journal of High School Poetry 1987.* He has written over 100 original works and plans to publish in book form.

Joyce B. Crawley

was born November 7, 1954 in Coatesville, PA. She is a graduate of Goldey Beacom College with an A.A. degree in Legal Secretarial. In 1982, she received a Certificate of Merit from the American Mentor Magazine Poetry Contest. Her poetry collection entitled "Songs from a Stream" is available.

Chloe Dian

is a native of Oklahoma who now resides in Kansas with her husband Joel L. Chambers. She is a freelance writer/photographer and a member of Associated Photographers International. Ms. Dian was a former editor/reporter for a Western Oklahoma weekly newspaper and a correspondent for the *Daily Oklahoman.* Her poetry is now being published in a weekly Missouri newspaper.

Madeline Chapman Fish

was born in Northern Michigan on June 18, 1918, in a tiny cabin in the pines. She started writing poetry in grade school. Ms. Fish has had poetry published in the *Detroit News* and other smaller newspapers. Her future dream is to have her own book published.

Celeste Dias Fonseca

was born in Portugal in 1959 and immigrated to the United States in 1978. She enjoys writing poems about family, feelings, and nature. Ms. Fonseca has written two unpublished children's stories, and is completing a family book entitled "My Family My Treasure." She is also working on a novel.

S. Green

was born in Alexandria, Louisiana on November 24, 1947. She has travelled extensively throughout the United States and abroad. Presently, Ms. Green is taking art and calligraphy lessons. She has published some of her poetry which is written about the Supreme Being and Man's real destiny.

Susan Hancock

has had her work published in over 20 poetry books and journals. She won the Golden Poet Award from the World of Poetry in 1985, 1986, and 1987. Ms. Hancock's anthology *Gifts from the Heart: A Collection of Modern Poetry* will soon be available to the public.

Charlotte Henderson

is married and a mother of four. She graduated from John A. Logan College with an associate's degree in journalism. Now, she attends Southern Illinois University where she plans to earn her master's degree. Mrs. Henderson has been published in various anthologies and magazines. This is her third year with *Contemporary Poets*.

Janet Higdon

is a native Philadelphian who did not aspire to become a poet in her younger years. With only a high school education, her interest developed in 1959 when she wrote an open letter expressing herself and later, a tribute to her mother. Recently, she has become a published poet.

Nanette Jackson

has been writing poetry most of her life. She says, "It's how I express what I'm feeling and I enjoy seeing the look of acknowledgement or agreement in someone's eyes when they read my work." Ms. Jackson is a resident of Seattle, Washington.

Jerrold Sean Jacobson

was born May 24, 1966. He is currently working on his BA degree at Michigan State University. Other publications of his include "A Poet in College," and "Night of Depression." Mr. Jacobson intends to pursue more creative endeavors.

Donna Lynn Johnson

says she is a child of God, expressing herself with words about life's experiences. God is her total inspiration because God created life—gifting her with everything she has in life, everything she knows in life, and everything she is in life.

Jon Jonasse

who is an architectural designer from Rochester, New York, has been writing poetry for 15 years. Since he has submitted poetry for publication only recently, his work will soon appear in several anthologies and periodicals.

Walter Jones

was born in West Chester, Pennsylvania. He received a B.A. from Franklin College, an M.A. from West Chester University, and has attended the University of Baltimore Law School. His writing interests include mystery, horror, ethnic and historical short stories and novels.

Katrinka

was born in Ann Arbor, Michigan and has Dutch ancestry. She earned her B.S. degree in Psychology and an M.S. degree in Statistics. She has modelled, taught, cooked, waitressed and bartended. Presently, she is an office manager in Security. Her interests include weight lifting and combat pistol shooting.

Will Melvin

was born into the worst of homes and depressing times. He developed a powerful, muscular body and somehow withstood the extremely hard life. It was not until later in his life that he was able to escape the rut which enabled his unusual talent as a poetry writer to surface.

Suheil Nassar

was born in Lebanon in 1958 and moved to the United States in the mid 70s. His poetry is philosophical in nature, embodying reflections on life's various experiences. His poetic work will appear in early 1988 in a volume entitled "Reflection on the Screens of Time.'

Neil O'Keefe

is a writer and guitarist who has recently moved from Rochester, New York, to Las Vegas, Nevada, "because I wanted to experience my fair share of the neon decadence." Mr. O'Keefe is currently editing a collection of his poems called "Songs from the Asphalt Dancefloor" which he hopes to get published in 1988.

Judith K. Pierson

is a native of Ohio where she presently lives with her two daughters, Kelly and Angela. She has had the experience of living on a ranch in Colorado for one year where she wrote her first poem. Judy enjoys writing and sharing her poetry.

Nan G. Portass

was born in Scotland and has lived in America for almost thirty years. She spent two years in southern India and during World War II served as a Scottish Policewoman and Civil Defense Warden. She escorted evacuee children from Scotland to New Zealand. She now lives in Chevy Chase, Maryland, and is active in the Peace Movement and literary pursuits. *Poems from Me to You* was published bv Dorrance in 1984.

Nicholas Prasinos

has published three books of poetry. His latest book *A Legacy to All Lovers,* containing 32 poems, has received laudatory review. Mr. Prasinos, a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Suffolk Law School, has had a long and distinguished career in engineering, law, and the arts.

Jacob Sallo

is a retired senior citizen and a writer member of The American Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers. Writing is a generalized hobby with Mr. Sallo. This is his third year with *Comtemporary Poets.* He has a published novel, *A Face For Schiller* by Todd & Honeywell.

Ray Scroke

who was born in 1946, received a B.A. from William Penn College in 1973. He has worked for *City Lights Magazine* and *Bay Area Life Magazine.* His published poetry includes "Orator from Whittier," Alive Press, 1968; and "All the Birds at Shelter Cove," Alive Press, 1973. His works in drama include "Elizabeth My Dearest" and "Summer Desire."

Isabelle McClellan Taylor

was reared in Norristown, Pennsylvania and has written poetry for many years. She is a regular contributor to *The Times Herald* newspaper, as well as *The Pittsburgh Courier, The Honolulu Advertiser,* and to Johnson Publications. Ms. Taylor has also had her works appear in four anthologies, *Ebony Rhythm* (Exposition Press), *The Great Treasury of World Poems, The Family Treasury of Great Poems,* and *The 20th Century's Greatest Poems* (World of Poetry Press). Ms. Taylor's poetry has appeared in four editions of *Contemporary Poets.*

Alma Thurmond

thinks that Heritage U.S.A. is the most beautiful place on earth. She says that Rev. Jerry Falwell is the greatest preacher since the late Dr. Charles E. Fuller, head of the "Old Fashioned Revival Hour" from 1938–1969. Ms. Thurmond is a devout Christian; she has read the Bible twelve times thus far.

Robert R. Weetman

was born in Los Angeles, California, on November 23, 1937. Now retired, he received his B.A. in History from Hofstra University in 1969. His publications include "The Rape of Paradise," *American Poetry Association,* 1983 and 1984; "Among Those Memories," *Hearts on Fire, American Poetry Association*; "The Scourge of the Pirates," World of Poetry Press, 1983; and "The Secret of the Pines," Vantage Press; *New Voices in American Poetry,* 1984, 1985, 1986. This is Mr. Weetman's third consecutive year with *Contemporary Poets.*

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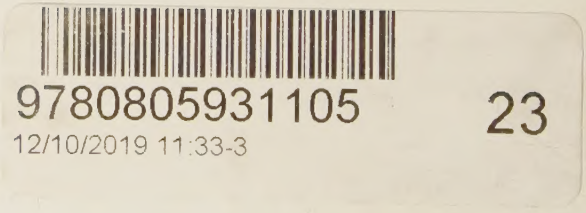
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